

A merry Ballad of a rich Maid that had 18. seuerall Suitors
of seuerall Countries: otherwise called the scornfull Maid.

To the tune of, hoop do me no harme good man.

52



I Am a young lass, and my time doth so passe,
That o' late I did long for to marrye
I haue for my dore fine hundred a yere,
And yet for all that I will tarry.

I had with a Scot, my kyle meny I too,
He courted with kysse and soniart:
He is laid with fine lase, but I like not his face,
His feare he has lost his balmyard.

Then came one from France who barely could
He is proper in every count: (dauce,
Yet in his Country, he scapt well the Dre,
So well he did cut the crosse poynt,

A Signior Spanioze, is late come oze,
And he thinks that he hath no fellows,
He is hot in the Kerne, and hath got a straine,
By dancing in a Bandello.

Then came a Dutchman can tence well the can,
Till his head be as light as a feather:
The Spaniard had's punch, & the Dutchman
And so they went both together. (was drunk,

An Italian came post, and sail well he can bozt,
But I like no such fond fellows:
If I were his wife, he should lead an ill life,
For I doe like none so lealous.

From Rome one came to me, who daily did we me
He fasted three dayes in the weeke,
But when prayer is done, if he spie a faire Pan,
His stomacke is wonder full quick.

A troublesome Turke, did make hasty woake,
But his suite it was quickly ended:
I scorn his belife, and so to be b:ise,
He did retu ne home offended.

Then next a brave Dane, came marching againe,
But I answered him as the rest,
That he could not puenille, so he hoyt by his tale,
For his nose could abide no iest.

From Ireland I had a lusty brane lad,
Each limbe was proportioned mighty:
Truth was he was pooze yet I gaue him oze,
Cause his breath stunk of Aquauity.

From Swethland resorted, a man well reported
And he made a proffer to lose me:
His neck was so bigge, and so small was his leggs,
That since he would neuer come to me.

From Kathia likewise, in an'ick disguise,
One came which did thinke to obtaine me:
But his hayre & his hood, against my mindes stand
Therefore he shall neuer gaine me.

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The Second Part of the scornefull Maide.

To the same tune,



A Grecian one day, my love did assay,
(Who standeth at every Church doore)
I neuer respected though he me affected,
I had rather turne stolers whoore.

An Almaine kut spide me, and presently fride me,
Who thought I would yeld at the first:
But I could not abide he should lye by my side,
For some say they are diuellish and curst.

From Pol did come hither in Summers hot wea-
He strutted and stalkt with a grace: (ther,
So soone as I spide him I could not abide him,
His nose was frozen of on his face.

He had a great minde, and was willing inclind,
So patient so willing as those,
He swore and protested I gived and leaked,
And had him gas get a new nose.

A Barbarian, a bigge bellied man,
Did profe: to win me for's wife:
But I told him this, he should surely misse,
For I likt not his course of life.

From Amsterdam a vile Athiest came,
He was neither true Dutchman nor Pole:
But I doe reiect all that are of that sect,
For I doubt me that hell hath his soule.

This baseminded Creature doth thinke that by
Both heauen and earth is made: (nature,

He thinks there's no hell, where Athiests must
But my minde he shall not perswade.

A Gentleman of Wales did tell her fine tales,
That her had a house built on a hill,
Had pig and had Goat, and grane lark in the pot,
And could eat good Confe hobby her all.

He would keepe me so brane, if I would him haue,
He would buy me a hood and a hat:
He would buy me fine hose, with garters and rose,
And sweet heart: how like you that.

A Englishman came, but I know not his name,
And he bzanely could quaffe it an quarrell:
He'de drinke till he dye, some sayes, but not I,
And sell all his lands for apparrell.

If I wou'd be his wife, he swor by his life,
Ere long he would make me a Lady: (honour,
He would sell his said monners to buy him new
And that's but the trick of a baby.

Now which should I haue, your counsell I crave
If you can but finde one will sit me:
The best I will take, and amends: He you make,
If Cupid ere then doe not hit me.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson.